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THE TENETS OF GAUTAMA.

PRIZE ESSAY, BY EDWIN A. DIX, '81, OF N. J.

Four hundred and seventy millions of people would not to-day worship one who was an impostor and the founder of an absolutely false religion.

It was a belief in this fact that led Mr. Arnold to write his now famous poem, the "Light of Asia."

To do justice to the religion of Buddha in a poem which aims at literary as well as philosophical and historical excellence, is no ordinary undertaking. Eastern customs and modes of thought differ so widely from those of the West, their religious associations and convictions are so at variance with our own, that it is difficult for a European to grasp them and to render them intelligible to English readers. There is a lack of sympathy between English-speaking nations and the East. We do not put ourselves in the place of those Hindu philosophers and see with

their eyes and hear with their ears. We do not look at them in the light of their own past ; and in the light of ours, we mis-judge.

It has been Mr. Arnold's aim, throughout his work, to identify himself with the Indian Buddhist who is supposed to tell the tale—to speak as though believing, and to describe the customs and religion of the country in the language of a native. While there are defects in the poem, as to structure, force, and to some extent originality, it must be owned that the author has succeeded in imparting to it a true Eastern spirit ; and that is a great merit in a work of this character.

The ignorance that has for a long time prevailed concerning Asiatic forms of religion is something remarkable. Greek philosophy has had learned expositors ; ancient Roman mythology and all European forms of thought have been thoroughly examined and discussed ; but until a comparatively recent date, very few Europeans had studied the systems of religion and morals adopted by the hundreds of millions of Asiatic believers. The knowledge of them since gained has rarely been presented in a popular form ; and the "Light of Asia" will describe to many thousands of readers customs and beliefs of which they have hitherto been almost entirely ignorant.

Buddhism was the natural and inevitable reaction against the growing power and oppressive arrogance of the established Brahminism. The simple devotions of earlier ages had given place to rites and ceremonies, cumbersome litanies, a system of sacrifices and an extensive sacerdotal aristocracy. The Brahmins were constantly desirous of enlarging the privileges of the priesthood, which the superstitious fears of the people invested with veneration ; and they had succeeded in placing themselves at the head of Hindu society, where they maintained their authority with a firm hand. Tolerant of independent speculation, even when their own religious *doctrines* were attacked, they were exceedingly jealous of inroads upon their *authority*. Men might philosophize as they pleased, but not beyond the point of impugning the rights and powers of the Brahmin priesthood. In

their desire to intrench themselves still more firmly, they treated the lower castes with extreme harshness, kept from them all knowledge of the sacred books, and practically excluded them from any hopes of religious advance or of elevation in another world.

A people as free and independent as the Aryan race has always been, would not long endure this theocratic despotism. A new religion was the natural outcome of such tyranny. The history of man in all ages has shown that only up to a certain point will he bear government or control in religious matters. To look up to heaven-inspired teachers is as natural for him as to believe in the heaven which inspired them or in the God which created them; but when these teachers would become rulers, and usurp the functions and claim the authority of the superior beings whom they serve, the people will inevitably rebel. Mahomet gained his success by claiming to deliver his followers from religious oppression. Luther voiced the indignation of the people against the Papal See. Knox *freed* the Scots. An undue exercise of religious power is at all times the surest way to create sects and schisms.

Thus a new system of belief arose in India. Gautama, the founder of Buddhism, was a Kshatriya prince, born about 608 B. C., on the borders of Nepaul, north of the Ganges. Educated amid the refinements and comforts of a princely home, he left it in order to seek for knowledge, and wandered for seven years, homeless and unknown, absorbed in speculation, and supporting himself by charity. His self-abnegation was at last rewarded, so the story goes, by an attainment of all knowledge and all holiness; and he devoted his after life to teaching, leading many of the people to throw off the cruel and superstitious yoke of Brahminism and become his followers. Hundreds of converts enrolled themselves in his service, and were bidden preach the truth to others. The disciples of this Indian teacher number to-day nearly one-third the population of the globe.

We have not far to look if we would trace the main causes of Gautama's success. Any system of faith which should emaci-

pate them from the rule of the priesthood was acceptable to the people; and the founder of Buddhism aimed not so much to establish a new religion as to cut away the useless and unsightly excrescences of the old. His teaching was that of the Brahmins, without their adherence to form, their sacrificial ceremonies, their oppression of the lower classes. It abolished distinction of ranks and admitted all as its disciples. The leading doctrines remained largely unchanged, and this was a great element in its success. Of all changes, men are most averse to one in religion. Conservatism, at all times a powerful influence, is strongest in the matter of creed. Especially is this true of the peoples of the East, who have shown their adherence to the past by the unity and firmness of their governments, by the permanence of their customs and manners and by the remarkable purity of their religions. To a people like the Aryans, accustomed for generations to a belief in Brahm, and used to revere and trust implicitly all so-called manifestations of him, any radical change in their mode of belief would have been repellent. Freedom of religious opinion is a sign of the highest human independence (although not of the highest human knowledge). The Asiatics were far from attaining to this freedom. Their gods were to them their all in all, the anthropomorphic expressions of being, light, power, and the forces of nature; and their belief was not to be easily shaken.

The widespread dissatisfaction with Brahminism only acted in a certain line. It tended to make the people intolerant of the priesthood and eager for emancipation from spiritual surveillance. But it could not lead them to utterly reject their religion.

Hence Buddhism must have had some strong elements of power to draw the people. The main element was, as we have said, this similarity with the general features of the ruling creed. Both systems aim, primarily, at getting rid of the burden of repeated existences. Both agree in a belief in metempsychosis, and hold that its various stages are conditioned by past acts. Both believe that consciousness and an earthly existence is an evil; that man finds his culmination in the cessation of acting

and knowing, and the consequent extinction of personal existence. Both assert that perfection is only attained through right living and the putting away of all passion and emotion.

So far, the two religions run parallel. Their fundamental tenets are nearly if not quite identical. But Buddha rejected all sacrifices, a wealthy ministry, long and formal ceremonies, and all the huge creed of Brahma, overlaid as it was with the annotations, additions and ritual of nearly a thousand years. The whole fabric was swept aside, sacrifices forbidden, polytheism denied, and the essence of virtue affirmed to consist in a good life, a kindly disposition, and freedom from evil.

"Live thou obedient to the law, in trust
That what will come and must come shall come well;
Doing all things accordant to the rule
Of virtue, which is beauty, truth and use."

The precepts taught by Buddhism, and its Pentalogue, are altogether moral in their nature and so simple and beneficial as to commend themselves even to the most ignorant. The personal attractiveness and pure and self-denying life of Gautama served to gain him many enthusiastic followers; and these, dispersed to preach the new gospel, found the people everywhere willing, even eager, to exchange the cumbrous load of Brahmin usages for the pure and simple teaching of the Buddha.

Several important differences between the two religions remain to be noted. In the first place, the Brahmins did not believe existence to be an evil in itself but only as apart from the all-absorbing presence of the Most High. Absorption in Brahm is with them the crown and issue of being, just as it was the state from which being sprang. With the Buddhists, on the contrary, there is no supreme Soul or Presence, and the end to be attained by perfection is Nirvâna—Nothingness, wrongly called by some; that sinless, stirless rest, where

"The aching craze to live ends, and life glides—
Lifeless—to nameless quiet, nameless joy."

The Hindus believe in a supreme Soul as the source of all sensation and knowledge; the Buddhists, in the "divinity of humanity," the efficacy of human example, and the power of unassisted human effort. With the latter,

"Before beginning and without an end,
Is fixed a Power divine which moves to good,"

but this Power has no personality, no identity with the human soul. It is a "long stress," the "Law," the "Silence". *Brahma* is a living, personal existence, in which all other existence sooner or later merges; the *Power* is back of all existence and the cause of it, having no connection with being, save as its source and its law.

The doctrine of transmigration of souls is an important feature in the religion of Gautama. Buddhism teaches that a soul passes through innumerable stages in all forms of created life. Each stage is the result of the good and bad deeds of all previous stages.

"And man, who lives to die, dies to live well,
So if he guide his ways by blamelessness
And earnest will to hinder not but help
All things both great and small."

This transmigration is "a concatenation of separate existences connected together by the iron chain of *act*—periodically re-creating the whole man and perpetuating his personal identity notwithstanding the loss of memory. Every being brought into the world must suffer the consequences, good or evil, of his own deeds committed in present or former states of being, until, at length, their potency is destroyed by his attainment of perfect self-discipline and self-knowledge,"—the preparatory step to Nirvâna.

Suffering is thus a primary idea in Buddhism. It is postulated that *being* is suffering. Life is on the whole more evil than good; the wheel of fate bears us up and then down, and the object of men should be to escape from the endless round. This

will largely explain the Buddhist's view of final happiness—that state of neither living nor dying into which the soul glides as

"The dew-drop slips into the shining sea."

Such is a brief outline of the origin and nature of this great religion of the East. It was not allowed to live unmolested by the Brahmin castes, who were furious at its attacks upon their prerogatives; but in process of time a compromise was made, each religion took up some of the main features of the other, and the two have since remained in a sort of amity, alike yet opposed, both originally good though perverted during the course of time, and the two together implicitly trusted by more than half a billion living human souls. Such a vast system of faith cannot have been altogether evil in its tendencies. It lacks those deep and true essentials which are possessed by but one religion in the world; but who can doubt that the influence of its teachings has been, on the whole, beneficial, and has kept from utter darkness a race on whom the true Light of Asia will eventually shine.

AMONG THE CATSKILLS.

It is intensely interesting at times to divest one's self of all social relations and be given up to the glories of quiet and keen observation; to pass from the *rôle* of an actor, and become one of the auditors. This is not so interesting, however, when it is a last expedient rather than a deliberate choice.

It was early in the summer. Plans were being drawn and arrangements perfected for the usual hilarities. A party was formed for the Catskills, and through some casualty or other an invitation was extended to me. I acknowledged the compliment, and yet I considered it in no wise flattering, from the fact that I had frequently made the Catskill trip. I had studied the rocks until I knew the geological strata from the old red-sandstone up

to the conglomerate. I knew the caves and cloves and glens and rills as though I were one of the aboriginal inhabitants. Said I to myself, "Would that it were Cape May, Sulphur Springs or the White Mountains. And there—well, we would have the jolliest, merriest, airiest time imaginable."

But then this idea of place, thought I, so far as pleasure is concerned, is entirely subordinate to our congenial and mirth-making party. Finally I concluded to go, partly because of the importunate appeals of my friends, and partly because I thought there would be some interesting phases of life brought to my notice, for I had observed that in certain members of our party the fanciful and romantic element was exercising a most potent sway. Yet I had never dreamed that those stable and even sturdy minds would yield to the complete domination of this subtle influence. Ah, "*Varium et mutabile semper fæmina,*" and *homo* too.

Well, the day of the start had come. The agonies of separation were met and conquered. The smack and crack of osculations, the cordial hand-grip, the pulling of wish-bones, the health-drinking from foaming beakers, the hurl of the ominous shoe—all these were performed, and nothing remained for us to do but revel in those peculiar and word-baffling pleasures which abound so richly when we are beyond the pale of parental jurisdiction. It is but just to state, however, that one of the members of our party, a mother to some and aunt to others—in fact, to all of us—acted as a sort of moral "governor," who equalized the capricious and the steadfast, the coquettish and the morose. Nevertheless, she was one of those great-hearted people who had evidently caught the spirit of the evangelical watchword, "In non-essentials, liberty;" for considering flirtation and kindred matters as "non-essentials," she permitted the most flagrant illustration of this principle, so that we were comparatively free and unrestrained.

Allow me at this point to speak of "Ego." I shall be ingenuous; I shall be candid. For Time with his cooling touch has healed my inflamed passions and allayed the bitterness of resent-

ment. Full well do I remember how I congratulated myself that for once in my life I might be the *lion* of the Catskill party. Ah! full well do I remember—*miserabile dictu*—that ere those two weeks had elapsed, I was reduced to an inglorious *lamb*. Strange reaction!

Despite the comparison, my experience was like unto that of the unfortunate donkey who had wandered from the stable in the sunshine, where “everything was lovely,” but returning in the sleet and snow, he found the door closed and “no one to love him.”

It was not until after we arrived at the mountains, after we had ingratiated ourselves with the society of Palenville, that I received my first bitter pill. The ladies had assured me that caste, formality and all “pairing off” should not be tolerated. But I began to see signs of the breach of that assurance on the boat, when “Damrosch”—so named because of his musical ability—and Louisa, the very embodiment of sobriety, in whom the mere supposition of sentiment were a paradox—yea, whose face and past conduct had contradicted such actions, by a mutual understanding removed themselves from the rest of the party and were ever afterward the most ardent admirers of each other. This was the entering wedge that split into a thousand pieces that high-sounding pledge of impartiality. From that very time, the gregarious element was absent. Everybody, myself excepted, considered it an imperative duty to seek out a suitable representative from the opposite sex with whom they might rejoice or weep—in fine, they were to be the counterpart of each other, indissoluble for the two weeks’ sojourn at the mountains. The ladies were as aggressive as the gentlemen. From that very time, I became the remorseful object of my own conscience. I was chagrined to think that I had been the victim of fickle deceit. I was alone, and the light, hopeful buoyancy of spirit which had caused my whole frame to tingle with delight had settled into a morbid melancholy. Space forbids me to relate even a fraction of the episodes that occurred. I must confine myself to those that are most salient.

It became evident that our New York female representative, who was happily called Marion, was exercised in mind; that she was under the influence of some outside attraction toward which she was slowly but surely gravitating. I instituted a search, and discovered that the source of the disturbing influence existed in a loquacious and dashing youth whose colloquial name was "Lodi," which was commonly abbreviated to Lodivico. I had supposed that the charming address and winsome *naïveté* of Marion would in themselves serve as a centre of attraction to the most bewitching, but she had squandered these, and became the obsequious satellite of Lodivico. Now "Lodi" was dashing and gay; Marion was modest and quiet. "Lodi" was abbreviated in stature and very vivacious; Marion was elongated and very dignified. They were charged with opposite qualities, but on the electrical principle they attracted each other most violently. Here were two hopeless, irremediable cases. They had, however, only sniffed in the sentimental air that seemed to envelop the whole region, and were feeling its peculiar effects.

I remonstrated with my aunt on the deplorable status of affairs, but she calmly replied that it was merely a local affection and, meteor-like, it was flashing now but in an instant would be gone and forgotten forever.

Eleanor was a lady of high repute in our party. She was in the early morning of womanhood, and the shadows, long drawn out, were all falling toward the west. Yet she was remarkably mature, and rapidly rising into popularity. In a few days I observed that she also had become a passenger on that mad and rushing train which was carrying everything into a yawning abyss of romance and sentimentality. The unhappy victim was a poor but homely youth, who had come from New York, and for some inexplicable reason was labeled by all the boarders in the house as "Stiff." He was the twin brother of Uriah Heep, and yet he possessed some redeeming qualities. The fact was, this partnership was entirely logical. Ellie was a *connoisseur* of gymnastics; the "Stiff" was as graceful and agile as an Alpine chamois: hence it was nothing but the benign and entwining influence of

sympathy which played upon their untried affections. Again, by a fortuitous concourse of events they were brought into a very close proximity while plucking huckleberries, which abound about the Mountain House. Greetings were exchanged, words of cheer, words of tenderness, telling words, were imparted. Suffice it to say, Ellie and the "Stiff" became so closely allied that she overcame her prejudices so far as to hold an umbrella over his head to shield him from the burning rays of the sun while he played third base; that she administered medicinal remedies to his dislocated patella, injured by a severe stumble as he was running; that she was seen with him wending their way toward the Plattekill Clove, long after the dew had fallen and the sombre gloaming had passed into the darkness of night. I shall recount but one more incident and I have finished.

It was Sunday evening. The hallowed associations of the day should have inspired worthier actions. It was, however, the last opportunity, and the approaching departure had made the disaffected desperate. Matilda was sitting on the veranda, in a very expectant attitude. She had not the dignity of Marion, the timidity of Eleanor, nor yet the fearlessness of Louisa, still she combined them all in wondrous harmony. She had publicly declared that she was impervious to the most poignant shafts of Cupid. Yet that very night as my friend Hunt, who had achieved lasting renown at the Catskills by his dancing proficiency, was approaching the house, Matilda rushed to meet him, and so adroitly was the collision effected that no damage was done. On the other hand, they might have been seen by the most casual observer for two hours afterward, seated upon a stone wall about one-quarter of a mile from the house, discussing matters of mutual interest. It is commonly understood that Hunt is hopefully happy, and that Matilda is perfectly resigned to the vocation of a dancing mistress. Think it not strange if these sketches seem monotonous. Unlike the play-wright and novelist, I have not had the well-spring of fancy and imagination to draw from, but I have been bound to facts and events that have happened. If the rocks and waters of a thousand

retreats of the mountains could but be clothed with the habiliments of reason and be gifted with the powers of speech, they would tell us many things we know not of.

We have returned from the Catskills. We have become the slaves of routine and drudgery. Romance has been supplanted by duty. The prediction of my aunt has not been fulfilled. Her meteoric figure has burst, and there are unmistakable signs that the seeming shallowness of all that Catskill romance has widened and deepened until it carries on its bosom all the present joys and fears and all the future hopes of my much respected friends.

SAVONAROLA.

The Florence of to-day is but the splendid mausoleum of a great and glorious past. To-day, palaces once thronged with the science, wealth and art of Italy echo only to the footsteps of travelers and guides. To-day, her vast Duomo, once filled with thousands, reveals its extent only by its emptiness. Yet many great men have loved her as their mother-city, many nobles and princes have reckoned the name of Florentine among the proudest of their titles. Lorenzo di Medicci, the magnificent patron of literature and art; Michael Angelo, the prince of painters and sculptors; Dante, worthy to be ranked among the great world-poets, all delighted to do her honor and shed around her the brightness of their glory. But among those whose names success has made immortal, we find one whose greatness was failure, whose glory, defeat, whose success, ruin and a shameful death—the monk Savonarola.

As an unsuccessful reformer, Savonarola stands forth on the pages of history; one who had labored nobly and faithfully in a good cause, yet doomed to disappointment and defeat. Although not a Florentine by birth, it was in connection with that city that the best years of his life were spent, and in the light of his mission there his life and labors must be studied.

Born in the neighboring dukedom of Ferrara, Savonarola early gave evidence of a pious temperament by his studious and solitary habits. His favorite resorts were the churches, where he loved to walk and meditate on the writings of his chosen authors, Aristotle and Thomas Aquinas. It was his original intention to have studied medicine, but being disappointed in love, partly from disappointment, partly from his natural disposition, he was impelled to enter the Church. He preferred the Dominican order, both from the great liberty afforded its members, and from the facilities offered for the study of the Bible; he therefore entered a convent of that order in 1476. Here he remained in solitude for seven years, pursuing his studies in Natural Philosophy and Metaphysics. At the end of this time he was appointed to preach in Florence, and began his mission there soon after. At this period Isabella was Queen of Spain, Charles VIII., King of France, and Edward IV., of England. Columbus was planning in his mind the unconscious discovery of a new continent; Luther was singing carols in the German forests; John Skelton was voicing in rude, strong verse the feelings of the English people against the luxurious ecclesiastics of a corrupt Church, and Venice was laying the foundations of that power which made her mistress of the sea.

His first services were held in the Convent of St. Mark, and so small was the number present at his first sermon that discouraged by his failure, he retired into the country. There the people were more in sympathy with his preaching, and when after laboring there two years he returned to Florence, attracted by the reputation he had acquired, the whole city flocked to hear him. The chapel of the convent was soon found too small for the multitudes, and the services were accordingly held in the Duomo. But Savonarola had returned to Florence a changed man. Before, he was a subtle logician, a profound thinker, a learned scholar; now his mind was infused with a divine inspiration, his lips burned with fiery eloquence, his whole frame trembled with the consciousness of a great and awful mission. During these years of solitude and thought there

had burst upon him a terrible revelation of the age in which he lived. Let us picture to ourselves his thoughts, that we may be able to judge of those times and of the evils he felt himself divinely commissioned to attack.

Society was utterly corrupt. Alexander VI. was Pope, a man who "equaled in vice all the other monsters of the world put together"; whose crimes and enormities history blushes to recount. With such a one at its head, what could have been the condition of the Church? Rottenness, moral and spiritual, pervaded the entire body of the clergy. "Prelates no longer concerned themselves with the welfare of their flocks, but corrupted them by their example; priests squandered the possessions of the Church, preachers indulged in vain speculations, the religious orders gave themselves up to every excess." In fine, religion and morality were all but dead. Even paganism was beginning to assert its sway. Learned Greeks had fled to Italy after the destruction of Constantinople, and, as a consequence of their teachings, the Platonic philosophy had almost usurped the place of the Christian religion. A great passion for antiques had arisen, as one of the results of this movement, and gentlemen of wealth and leisure devoted much time and money to the collection of ancient coins and vases. Lorenzo di Medici was among the foremost in this search after antiques, and the museums of Florence were filled with the most beautiful specimens of ancient workmanship and art. But in spite of this outward show of beauty, Florence was one of the wickedest cities of all Italy, and here in its midst Savonarola began his mission.

A man so thoroughly versed in the Scriptures could not well avoid catching some of their spirit and enthusiasm. As Savonarola had made the Old Testament the chief object of his study, his sermons resembled in many respects the prophecies of Isaiah and Jeremiah. He denounced with great energy the wickedness of the times, and threatened dire punishments unless there was immediate and thorough reform. He attacked men of all ranks, even Lorenzo himself, and utterly disregarded the protests of that powerful prince. But such was the respect paid him

that Lorenzo, when on his death-bed, sent for him, that he might receive absolution from his hand. But Savonarola, firm in his consciousness of justice against the entreaties of the dying prince, refused to grant his request until he had restored to the people of Florence the power he had usurped. Startled at the boldness of the demand, Lorenzo without a word turned his face to the wall. The interview was ended; Lorenzo died unab-solved, and Savonarola, still unyielding, wended his way back to the convent.

After his father's death, Pietro di Medici assumed control of the Florentine state; but the people, enraged at his pride and tyranny, and urged on by the preaching of Savonarola, rose in rebellion, and drove him, with the rest of the Medicis, out of Florence. At this very time, Charles VIII. of France was crossing the Alps into Italy, and the Florentines, terrified by exaggerated accounts of the size of his army and the strength and courage of his soldiers, and believing further that the prophe-cies of Savonarola were thus being fulfilled, opened their gates to the French.

Now was Savonarola in the zenith of his power, and relying on his success he undertook to restore the ancient democratic government of the city. But the people had so long been sub-ject to tyranny that no men fit for the office of magistrate could be found, and so the old constitution had to be altered. As a first amendment, Savonarola proposed that all those who had themselves been magistrates, or who were descended from magis-trates, should form a council which should have the power to appoint the magistrates of the city. That this council, which consisted of about three thousand members, should be divided into three parts, each of which was to hold rule for six months; and further, that there should be a higher council of sixty with whom they might consult. In proposing this plan of govern-ment, Savonarola never for an instant forgot his position as a preacher, but published all his reforms from the pulpit.

As soon as this government had been firmly established, he began to turn his attacks against the corruption of the Church;

and disregarding all the gentler measures of Alexander to compel his silence, persevered in his denunciatory discourses until the anger of the pontiff was thoroughly aroused. In spite of threats of excommunication, and even after the sentence of the church had been pronounced against him, he continued to preach, until at last the city was threatened with an interdict. Even then, had he retained his former influence over the people, the threatened interdict could not have moved him. But the Medicis were rich, and a politic use of their wealth won over the magistrates to their cause. At length Savonarola was forbidden to preach, and on the 2d of March, 1498, he ascended the pulpit for the last time and took a farewell of his congregation.

But even then his enemies were not satisfied. They thirsted for his life, and for this end determined that he should pass through the "ordeal by fire." This he consented to perform if he were permitted to carry the crucifix, but this request was not granted. He then offered to pass through the fire if he were permitted to carry the sacraments, but even this was refused him. At last the people, cheated of their show, turned against him, and he was imprisoned in the palace. There he was examined before an ecclesiastical tribunal, and though often put to the torture, never wavered in any essential doctrine of his faith. His confessions, although written down, were altered, and on this false testimony he was condemned to death.

On the morning of his execution, he administered the communion to himself and his friends, and with calm demeanor descended to the Plaza. There, condemned before three tribunals, he quietly bowed his neck to the headsman's stroke, a martyr to the cause of virtue.

Savonarola endeavored to cleanse the morals of a corrupt church, and perished in the attempt; while Luther, striking more deeply, aimed at the doctrines themselves. But Savonarola lived in fearful times, and in the midst of moral corruption preserved a life of stainless purity. Although he did not beautify Florence with palaces, yet he rescued her from moral and political degradation and bestowed on her a government under which

she attained to the summit of her power and fame. He hated tyranny and the Medicis as representing it, and though only a monk, defied one of the strongest powers that has ever been established. The failure of Savonarola's labors should not be considered a criterion of their true value, but rather as the lot of all unsuccessful reformers who bequeath to following generations the task of estimating their real worth.

A SLEIGH-BELLE.

ADAPTED.

I.

"Come, sister ! I'm waiting ! The others have gone ;
 Their sleighs are now far out of sight ;
 And we must make haste if we want to o'ertake them,
 Or have any dancing to-night.

"I'll wrap you in snugly ; come, Duke ! now we're off ;
 We'll catch up right soon at this speed ;
 A supper and dance at a country hotel
 Is going to be good fun indeed.

"I saw Bertie Wood when they started ; she went
 With Sterne. She's changed scarcely at all.
 It doesn't seem true I've been gone for a year,
 The difference in folks is so small.

"I suppose fair Alberta will hardly take pains
 To speak to me now ; I'm as poor
 As the day that I left ; experience and fun
 Are all that I've gained from my tour.

"'Not engaged,' do you say ? That 's odd ; for Fred Sterne
 And Bob Ford were in love with her then ;
 And I ? Well, I liked her ; I've called her my 'beau'
 Since I was an urchin of ten.

"But Bertie's too rich for poor lovers ; so I
 Can't hope that she'd ever love me."

B

—Hullo! here we are, in good time after all,
So now for our dance and a spree!"

II.

"Sister Aggy! where are you? Ah yes, here she is.
The sleigh is right here at the walk.
I'll carry you there as you are, wraps and all;
Don't speak; you'll catch cold if you talk.

"G'lang, Duke! Now we're off for our four-mile drive home;
Are you bundled up well, sister mine?
Don't do any talking; I'll do that for two;
What a pity the moon doesn't shine.

"Well, we had a fine dance and the supper was good;
Though I can't say I've reveled in pleasure;
I hadn't one chance for a word with Miss Wood,
And I'm sorry,—perhaps beyond measure.

"She might have, I thought, made the chance, had she wished,
And not turned all her smiles upon Sterne.
She flirted outrageously,—else she's engaged;
I wish mine were that lucky dog's turn.

"I thought when I left here last spring, that my trip
Might help me forget Bertie Wood;
But I find that I love her too well, now, for that;
I could worship the ground where she stood.

"But there! I'll quit raving; it's useless, of course.
Come, sis, you're remarkably mum;
There's something uncanny about you: look up!
Show your face through that nubia; come!

"What! By Jove! who is this? Alberta—Miss Wood!
Why I thought —— What a confounded fool!
Not you; I mean *me*,—how I've sat here and talked
About you to your face; that *was* cool.

"I thought you were Aggy.—But Bertie—sweetheart—
Are you angry at all I have said?
Won't you say something kind to me now, ere we part,
Or whisper forgiveness instead?

"Ah, if I dared hope for your love : Bertie, dear,
Do you love me ? What ? Yes ? Is it true ?

* * * * *

Here we're home. Well, I'm glad Aggy rode back with Fred,
And I'm glad that I drove home with you!"

—————♦—————

AN INTERPRETATION OF "THE TEMPEST."

Curiosity is ever urging us to speculate. It is a natural tendency of the mind to seize eagerly the slightest incidents and circumstances that attract our attention, and weave around them a web of pleasing fancies and conjectures. Such a train of thought naturally suggests itself after a perusal of "The Tempest". A close inspection reveals to us that Prospero, the leading character of the play, is but an image of Shakespeare himself, and from this we may reasonably infer that in the play, as in a mirror, are reflected the scenes and history of the poet's actual life. Thus the events and characters of the play are clothed with a deeper interest. They attract our attention, not only for their own sake, but also for the ideas and experiences they symbolize. Dr. Bowden, in his interesting volume, "Shakspere: his Mind and Art," has given an interpretation of the play; but as every one is at liberty to draw his own inferences, we hope it will not be deemed presumptuous if we differ from the learned author in several particulars.

The Enchanted Island, in which the play takes place, is without doubt intended to represent the Theatre. The identity of Prospero and Shakespeare, the introduction of the masque and the *dénouement* of the play all suggest this; and many passages can be found in the play itself to justify this conjecture. Where, for example, can a better description of the Theatre be found than in the following lines?

"Be not afraid ; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments

Will hum about mine ears ; and sometimes voices,
That if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again."

And again, Shakespeare seems to describe the masks and costumes of the actors and the untruthfulness of the dramatist's delineation of human nature when he says,

" For certes, these are people of the island
Who though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note
Their manners are more gentle-kind than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any."

" He bears with him," says Dr. Bowden, " Art in its infancy, the marvelous child Miranda." But Prospero gives Miranda in marriage to Ferdinand, and how could Shakespeare give his art to Fletcher, who according to our author is represented by Ferdinand? Surely art is no mere trick that one man can disclose to another, a garment that one can strip off and give to a friend. "A poet is born, not made." When Shakespeare was born his art was born ; when he died it perished with him. Further, if Miranda represents Shakespeare's art, how can we explain her antipathy to Caliban—the grosser passions and appetites? Did not that same art produce the "Venus and Adonis," and "The Passionate Pilgrim?" Has it not wrought into all his plays thieves, rogues, sensualists and villains of every description? How then can Miranda say,

"'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on."

No! She is the "marvelous child" Hope, "infused with a fortitude from heaven". When Shakespeare first entered the theatre and stood amid its mimic splendors, then was Miranda born, child of his consciousness of power, the present hope of his future greatness. For this conjecture we find good grounds in the history of the poet's life. Between the time of his arrival in London and the date of his first play, we have "not out three years,"—Miranda's age when she was cast away on the Enchanted

Island. Though tossed about all this time on the troubled sea of London life, Shakespeare still retained this hope, and was sustained by it. To her he ascribes his presentiment of success, his confidence of fame; of her he says,

"O, a chernbim
Thou wast, that did preserve me."

As Prospero at first refused to give Miranda in marriage to Ferdinand, and fearing

"Lest too light winning
Make the prize light,"

imposed on the prince his "mean task" as a test of his devotion, so Shakespeare at first tried Fletcher, then gave him encouragement and hope. Our author thus continues: "The grosser passions and appetites—Caliban—he subdues to his service." But Caliban was born on the island. Prospero knew nothing of him until he was cast upon its shores; and thus carrying out the analogy to its logical extreme, Shakespeare could not have possessed the "grosser passions and appetites" until he was twenty-three years old, the time when his first drama was produced. Caliban is rather the impersonation of unjust and bitter criticism, born of the "damn'd witch," Envy, within the walls of the theatre. What is more repellent, more chilling to a young author's hopes than harsh and adverse criticism? And now can Miranda truthfully say,

"'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on."

But Shakespeare candidly recognized the benefits of criticism. When just, it showed him his deficiencies and mistakes; when unjust, it could not injure him but added the rather to his fame. Thus he says of Caliban,

"But as 'tis
We cannot miss him; he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us."

Ariel is Shakespeare's genius of imagination. What could better personify his ease and grace than the elfish sprite? Who could better express the versatility of his genius than Ariel?

"I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds; to thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality."

But Prospero must leave the Enchanted Island and return to his home. Ere he departs he gives Ariel his liberty, and destroys his magical books. Thus Shakespeare, as he leaves the theatre and a profession he had never loved, promises himself a life of ease and comfort in his home at Stratford. No longer must he force his genius against the natural current of his spirit, no longer urge his thoughts to irksome duties, but with Ariel we hear him singing,

"Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossoms that hang on the bough."

IN THE LIBRARY.

I never enter the library without a feeling of awe something like that which Dante must have felt in the "Inferno," when he speaks of the air being filled with sighs and sounds of distant sobbing, and strange, misty forms flitting swiftly by.

Think how many men have labored all their lives for immortality; and all they have left behind,—the thought and painful research of months and years of labor,—is bound up between the covers of some of these mysterious things we call books and which we handle so carelessly without even a thought of the living souls which have brought them forth in hope and fear.

I have always been interested in mathematics, and look over the books in that branch so often that we have become quite well

acquainted—at least we always recognize each other in a friendly way. There is a subtle influence which seizes me the moment I enter the doors, and draws me to that alcove and urges me to take down some one of those curious volumes and look within. It may be that I cannot understand a word of it; it may be in German, and on a higher branch of mathematics, of the first principles of which I am ignorant, but that does not take away its interest in the least. Think of the lifetime that may have been put into it; of the triumph that came when it was finally completed, and the congratulations and joyous hope of fame; and then if we could only unlock the mystery of those curious differentials, surely there would be a world of revelation; we should read the immutable laws of existence, and that secret of the ceaseless, tireless motion of the great earth and all its sister worlds, which was kept so long hidden from the piercing insight even of the wisest. But whatever one of these books it may be that I open, a hundred arms, light and airy as thought, but strong as steel, reach out and twine themselves around me, stealing even my thoughts—the robbers!—and leaving me, like the man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, bound hand and foot.

I was in the library one June afternoon, sitting comfortably in an arm chair at the back of the mathematical alcove, and, to tell the truth, more engaged in such dreamy thoughts as the above and in wondering at the secret of that power which they had over me, than in following the demonstration of the Napierian Analogies which was my ostensible occupation; when I thought I detected a slight motion among some of the books. Instantly rousing, I watched more closely, nor in vain; for presently, after a considerable rattling noise, as though there had been a dozen rats behind the books, I saw the back of a book on popular astronomy swing back as though on hinges, and out stepped a portly gentleman with round, full face and dark hair and whiskers. He was neatly dressed in the modern style, and after climbing down to the floor—for he could not have been more than eight inches in height—he walked around with as much

self-possession as if he had been doing the honors of his own house. I looked curiously to see the authorship of the book from which he had come, and saw on the back the name R. A. Proctor. Aha! my friend, I know you now, thought I. And now the rustling grew louder, and on all sides I saw the little fellows scrambling down in a very comical manner, but as soon as they reached the floor they instantly showed by their dignity of demeanor that they felt themselves both honored and honoring by being in each other's society. They seemed to be of all nationalities and times, for there was the greatest diversity in their dress and speech, and yet all seemed by some subtle sympathy to understand each other perfectly and scarcely to need the kindly services of the gentleman who had first appeared, to make themselves perfectly at home.

Among the last who came out from their places of concealment were two who wore the garb of ancient Greece. There were several others of the same nationality, but these were the most noteworthy. To one of them I was introduced by Mr. Todhunter, who had clambered down from the top shelf among the first, and who spoke to me quite affably and was very kind in pointing out distinguished men. In fact, to him and to Mr. Hutton, whose hiding-place was an immense "Mathematical and Philosophical Dictionary," I owed the pleasure of meeting several notabilities that would otherwise have been unknown to me. He of the ancient dress, to whom Mr. Todhunter introduced me, was Eucleides, and his companion he told me was Archimedes; and I noticed then what had escaped me before—that the latter held in his hand a golden crown, to which he kept pointing and of which he was very proud.

Turning my attention now to the main groups, I found that my friend who had appeared first was nowhere to be seen; but all thought of this was soon lost in the groups before me. They were principally Englishmen and Frenchmen, but there were besides these, many Germans and other Europeans, and some who, by their curious dress, I supposed must be Arabians, and there were also a few Hindoos.

Although for the most part there was general harmony, I heard some loud disputing among a number of Frenchmen and Englishmen, the nature of which I could not understand, though I could distinguish from time to time such words as "fluxions," "differentials," "limits," and noticed that they kept pointing to a small but most remarkable group of men which seemed to be the object of their discussion. Of this group I must speak more particularly. The most prominent one in it was an Englishman of grave and noble aspect, dressed in the style of the days of Queen Anne; and, oddly enough, he was followed everywhere by a frisky little black spaniel which he called "Diamond" and which, I remember, had a great ink spot on one of his paws. To this man all gave place; he seemed to me to be the acknowledged prince of the gathering, and yet in all his words and bearing there was a childlike simplicity. Conversing with this one, whom you will already have guessed to be Sir Isaac Newton, was a man of German appearance, yet who spoke in French, and who seemed to be a little uncertain as to whether he rightly belonged in that society; not that he was at all unworthy, for all seemed to do him honor, but he often went away in the direction of the metaphysical alcove, from which, on one of these excursions, he led back a pale, slender young man who held in his hand a barometer and some diagrams of conic sections. The latter I learned to be Pascal, and his more distinguished companion, Leibnitz. In this cluster of men I was also told to mark two Frenchmen, Lagrange and Descartes, the latter of whom I noticed to be very much interested in the youth who had the conic sections.

There seemed to be some dispute between two men, one a Frenchman named Leverrier, and the other a young man who wore the academic dress of Cambridge University. The former pointed to a round body of some size, which appeared to be suspended from the top of the library, and which he claimed to have found, while the other asserted that he had discovered it first. And yet the discussion, as is usual in such cases, was more heated between those who stood around them than between the claimants

themselves. However, as there seemed to be no immediate prospect of either of them getting possession of the ball, all united finally in honoring both of them for their skill.

There was another Frenchman there who came out from four great volumes entitled "*Mécanique Céleste*," in which he could have kept house very comfortably, so far as room was concerned. He joined with the others in doing honor to Sir Isaac Newton, to whom he seemed to feel indebted in a peculiar manner. I noticed presently that he took out from under his coat a kind of machine which he and a friend of his, a slight, delicate-looking American, with thin gray hair, were greatly interested in perfecting. They finally had it going so well that they put in a sort of cloudy mist, and turning the crank with sufficient rapidity, evolved any quantity of little worlds, with moons and rings and all the other appliances to match, and finally a burning and glowing little ball like a sun. The whole was very pretty, but at that moment my attention was diverted by seeing a gentle, womanly form come into the company. She was the only one of her sex that I saw, and yet she did not seem to feel strange or lonely. On the contrary, she seemed perfectly at home and conversed with many of the greatest of the company. She was treated with much respect by all, both for her womanliness and her high attainments. As soon as he who had brought out the machine, (whom you will have recognized as Laplace,) saw this lady, he left what he was doing, and approaching her with the greatest enthusiasm, took both her hands in his and exclaimed, "Why, Mrs. Somerville: you don't know how much pleasure it gives me to meet the only woman in the world who can understand me!" Her reply escaped me, for just then Mr. Todhunter called my attention to an Englishman of rather stout and heavy build and having a massive head, who was earnestly conversing with a gray-haired, genial-looking man who had that indefinable air which marks an American. They had a diagram representing three straight lines perpendicular to each other, and they seemed to discuss it with all the ardor with which a discoverer would relate the finding of a new world. I learned that these were Sir Rowan Ham-

ilton and Prof. Benjamin Peirce, and that they were discussing a little invention of the former's which he called "Quaternions." And then there was a tall, scholarly-looking man, who I think must have been an Englishman. He seemed not to have so much in common with the others as some, though he was evidently highly honored by all. His name, as I was told, was George Boole, and when I saw him he was engaged in pondering a syllogism which he had written in the form of an equation.

There were many others, a few of whom I learned to recognize; but as I was looking at them I saw one approaching me whom Mr. Todhunter introduced as Lord Napier. I felt immediately that he had come to examine me in his Analogies, and I trembled with apprehension as he asked to see what I was doing. When I showed him the book a smile spread over his features, and he began to talk so fast and so learnedly about something I did not understand, and I became so wofully confused, that when he asked me what I thought I could only stammer out, "Yes, I think so;" at which he became so angry that I don't know what he would have done, had not a great gong sounded and all started to scramble back to their places. I was infinitely diverted to see great, stout fellows get into slim, emaciated-looking books, and tall, slim ones crawl into great, fat tomes, until it seemed as though every one must have got into the wrong place. But soon all was snug and quiet except that the gong kept sounding louder than ever, until I finally thought it must be a bell; yes, it *was* the bell, and—oh, dear! I had dreamed away my two hours, and knew nothing of my lesson.

VOICES.

In looking over the Printed Laboratory Notes of our Academic Senior who elects Analytical Chemistry, I saw the following written on a blank page, and in order that so useful an

application of knowledge may not be lost to the world I have taken the liberty of copying it for the Voices. Under the heading of "Special Tests for Bases" he had these—

"1. *Freshman.* Symbol, $F_2R_6ES_6H_4$. Fear, Rawness, Esteem of Self, Humility. If left standing without being corked up, Fear (F) and Humility (H) are apt to escape, and Pride (P) is absorbed from the atmosphere. Warm with a little Sophomoric acid (not too much or an explosion will result) and shake well. Rawness (R) is freed, and escapes slowly. The bright green color gradually changes to blue. Treat with concentrated work. Filter through examination paper. The precipitate at first very blue, becomes slightly red, and upon becoming perfectly dry is rather hard. This is $S_6O_4P_6H$, commonly called Sophomore.

"2. *Sophomore.* Symbol, $S_6O_4P_6H$. Self-conceit, Opinion, Pride, Humility. (N. B. Humility is generally univalent.) Dissolve completely in Biennial Knowledge (B_6N_2). Pride (P) is immediately lost. $B_6O_4S_6H$ evaporates with boiling, leaving pure knowledge (N) in the test-tube. If this is allowed to stand for a time some of it evaporates, while it draws a great deal of Joy (J) and a little usefulness (U) from the atmosphere, forming J_6UN . This is very expensive, and is used only for making $SE_{42}N$.

"3. *Junior.* Symbol, J_6UN . Joy, Usefulness, Knowledge. Treat with dilute Latin, Greek, Modern or Mathematical acid. The dark precipitate is $SE_{42}N$, commonly called Senior.

"4. *Senior.* Symbol, $SE_{42}N$. Self-Esteem, Knowledge. Mix with an equal quantity of Diploma. Heat in an open tube. It sublimates and most is lost. The small bright crystals remaining can be seen only by means of a very powerful microscope."

◆◆◆

"Lusus animo debent aliquando dari
Ad cogitandum melior redeat sibi."

Phaedr Fab. xiv. 3.

WE must have some fun in life, and a large if not the largest

part of it is supposed to be during our College days. So it is, nor will any one gainsay that we have a share of it fully equal to the work we are called upon to perform. Now, looking at it chronologically, how is it? The first term takes care of itself. Foot-ball and all the usual out-door sports and in-door entertainments make it pass only too quickly. So too, with the third term. It is not only short, but is crowded with all sorts of amusements, to say nothing of Commencement—the great and joyful feature of the year. But the second term—oh, how dreary without; how stupid within! Thrown entirely upon our own scanty resources, how little we find to amuse us but snow-balling and cards! Concerts are few and far between, we have no theatre except at Trenton, and besides, the theatre is “sinful.”

Well, now the question is, how can we improve the second term, this year at least? Of course it is useless to talk of bracing up our good friends in town who sometimes throw their homes open to College guests. There's Slocum, for instance, who gave a party six years ago. His turn comes around this year. That's one, anyway. But Slocum won't have dancing, and of course we don't care to go if we can't “shake our stumps.” No matter about the “spread,” all we want is a good “shin-dig” once in a while. Then again, we “hit up” the lectures and concerts. Last year they were either hopelessly abstruse, or dwindled into the Josh Billings type. Let there be a change in this respect. We must have more concerts. Cannot our Glee and Instrumental Clubs give us at least two fine concerts in those three long months?

Now I come to the important point. Can we not have a ball in the second term, as they have at other Colleges? As '82 did not have their Soph. Reception, let them take the matter in hand. Now I begin to hear a din of dissenting voices and protestations. One says, “The Faculty won't allow it.” Another says, “We can't get anybody here—girls won't come,” and still a third says, “There's no place to hold it.” This, in the words of the poet, is “all poppy-cock.” It is sufficient that it would be a great event in the College year—an event that would afford

unbounded pleasure to all, and increase good-will toward the College. All objections have been overruled in the case of the Soph. ball, and why should they affect this project? February or March is in every respect a more suitable time for a ball than June, amid the whirl of Commencement week. With a ball coming in the cold of winter, what a glorious time we would have—we poor fellows bound to our books like so many mummies. Succeeding classes would hail the second term ball with joy, as each year came round, and hand it down as a precedent no less precious than Commencement itself. Think of these things, especially the last suggestion, and, remembering that it is solely a matter of inclination, form your opinion in accordance therewith, and lend your heart and voice and all your help to the merry-makers of Old Nassau.

Now the weather is delightful, and out-door sports are at their best. Foot-ball is, of all things, the most important at present, and will continue so until Thanksgiving time. Base-ball practice is also possible, and a great deal of attention is being paid to it. Lawn tennis is very popular, and athletic sports in general will rage until after the fall games. Moreover, the roads are in excellent condition for tramping, and one class at least has a regular Walking Club which exercises itself every Saturday. All these delightful pastimes are ours now and no one need complain of having nothing to occupy him during the intervals of his regular College work. This is all so at present, but very soon the cold weather will set in and our long, dull winter will begin to cast its gloom over us once more. Most of us know by experience what a gloomy time the winter term is, and those who haven't tried it before will find out only too soon. Generally a few afternoons can be spent in skating, and the gymnasium helps us to get rid of a little extra time, but with the exception of these the only oases in the great desert are a few scattered lectures and concerts.

If any man would invent some first-class and popular means of enjoyment for the leisure hours of the middle term, his name would be made immortal. I am unable to propose any such popular pastime, but I want to make a suggestion for the benefit of a few men. Would not the institution of a chess club help some fifteen or twenty men to while away their leisure hours? Some one immediately exclaims that chess is too deep and tiresome to be a means of rest in the intervals of study. This is a very common objection to the game, and in some cases it is just, but in very few here in College. Not many fellows work so hard that their brains need complete rest in their intervals of labor. We generally stop polling when we are tired *of* work, not when we are tired *from* work. Now chess is not just another kind of work; it is a real game. There is a fascination and there is an excitement about it, rendering it a real, while it is at the same time a profitable, means of pleasure.

Let us have a chess club, then. Men who need complete mental rest when they lay down their books need not join it, but I think that perhaps two dozen men in College would hail its birth with delight. We might carry on games with outside clubs, or we might confine all our attention to games among the different members of our own club. To these games, at any rate, we would devote our attention principally. All members would get practice in this first-class game, while not a few good players would show themselves, and chess championship games would be in winter what lawn tennis and other out-of-door games have been this fall.

IT WOULD be interesting to know just what shape a novelist's plot takes in his head when he first sits down to write. It is probably the usual way for him to have the main outlines of the plot in his mind, and rely on the march of the story to suggest the particulars. If the author could hear a concise digest of his tale given, as often happens, in conversation, he would shrink in horror from the idea that he had ever composed anything like that.

I recently heard an off-hand summary of E. P. Roe's "Face Unveiled," which ran somewhat as follows: "Roe's stories are pretty much all the same. There's a hero and a heroine, and one of them converts the other and they get married. In this one, the fellow sees the girl at a concert, and she kind o' takes his fancy, though he can tell she isn't religious and don't care a row of pins for anything but herself. Anyhow, he gets struck and all that, and wants to know more about her; and then he hears she's going to spend the summer at some place in the country, and he goes there too, and they meet and become acquainted, and cut up, and get mad, and he saves her life or something, and she won't speak to him at all,—though she's dead in love with him all the time, you understand. The fellow gets mad himself, and then she wants to commit suicide, but an old duffer starts her off on religion, and she gets awfully good, you know, and pious, and they—I mean she and the fellow, not the old chap—make up and get married," etc., etc.

If Mr. Roe or any other writer should know that their works could be boiled down to some such form as that, it is probable they would suffer keenly at this mutilation of the children of their brain, and possible that the ranks of fiction writers would be considerably depleted.

WE WISH to enter a petition for a divorce of Class Day and the Lynde Debate. We think the reasons for such a procedure, when once stated, will be evident. As is perhaps known to most of the LIT.'s readers, the sides of the contestants are not known until Saturday night or Monday morning, and the crystallizing, telling work of the debaters is done after that time. Now Class Day and work are mortal enemies, and either one or the other must win. A drawn battle, a compromise, ruins both, and is fatal to the happiness and success of the debater. Either he must enter into all the joyous and tender ceremonies of his Class Day with all his heart, and thus neglect his debate, thereby

poisoning his would-be joys, or he must deny himself the celebration of that day—to him of all College days the dearest—and shut himself up in his room and work. We ask if the roseate prize of being a Lynde Debater has not quite a large-sized thorn in it, if one must pass through this ordeal.

Until two years ago, Commencement Day was Thursday, Hall Day Wednesday, Class Day Tuesday, while the Debate came off on Monday night. But the necessary reform can be accomplished in either of two ways without going back to the old plan. The Trustees could make the J. O. Contest and the Lynde Debate change places, thus bringing the J. O. on Monday and the Debate on Tuesday night. That plan, however, though infinitely better than the present one, is still open to the same objection, in a measure, for the debater; though the sides would not in this case be known until Tuesday morning, or at least Monday night, he would feel that he ought to spend Class Day in general preliminary work. We therefore think that the best plan would be to leave the two contests as they are, and change Class Day from Monday to Tuesday, thus giving the Seniors who are fortunate enough to be Lynde Debaters the pleasure of thoroughly enjoying Class Day. We commend the consideration of both plans to the proper College authorities, and to '81 at her Class Day election meeting.

AT PRESENT, politics is absorbing a great deal of the undergraduates' attention. Both parties have organized, and the frequent torchlight processions attest their activity. There can be but one answer to the question whether College students should take an interest in politics, but we think the present excitement decidedly objectionable. It appeals not to the reason but to the feelings and prejudices. No tracts or pamphlets are distributed, and little, if any, time is spent in argument. As one of its results, scarcely a student can be found who will candidly and calmly weigh the arguments on both sides. He will not believe facts that are unfavorable to his party, while he will seize with avidity

mere slanders against his opponents. In fact, the average student is well-nigh a bigoted partisan. We appeal to the judgment of any candid person, whether this is right. Educated men should be thoughtful upon this subject as well as upon any other. They should be independent, and not join a party merely because their fathers belong to it. Let us have fewer men beating drums and carrying torches, and more thoughtfully reading the current literature, and we will have those who will take a deeper and better interest in politics and become better citizens.

WHY IS IT that very few fellows in College like to be considered pollers? At first you are ready to give it up. An outsider would scarcely believe that such was the case, but you know that it is so—perhaps you know that it is the case with yourself. Why is this? We can understand why some men who actually never work might object to it, perhaps just as an infidel would object to being called a Christian, but why should one who is really studious be ashamed of it? Perhaps he thinks that he has a good excuse for his low grade if he is supposed to work but little. Perhaps he thinks that he will have more honor for his high grade if it is supposed that he has obtained it by natural smartness rather than by hard work. More likely than all, perhaps he thinks that hard polling is looked down upon by those about him. If these are some of the reasons for this state of things, and I think that they are, do they not tell badly for the prevailing sentiment in College? If any one of these excuses stands the test of student opinion, does not that prove that student opinion is not what it ought to be? The prevailing sentiment, among a body of men collected for the very purpose of doing solid work, is against work. Among us laziness goes for much, while real manly industry is deprecated. Surely here is food for serious thought.

EDITORIALS.

THE "powers that be" have seemed for some time to feel considerable anxiety, lest in the matter of selling rooms some great injustice may be done to the buyer. They appear to be alarmed lest the wicked Senior, hardened by his four years of College life, with his wits unduly sharpened by dearly-bought experience, may be not only willing but able to perpetrate gross frauds on innocent younger brethren who are unable to cope with his keenness. Now, we can understand this anxiety to a certain extent. It will readily be admitted that the average fellow in College will be ready to get the best price he can for his room, whether or not it be the fairest price. But when it comes to forbidding any selling of rooms whatever, then it is time to enter a mild protest. This anxiety above referred to has caused a gradual tightening of the restrictions on disposing of rooms which has ended in this absolute prohibition. It seems unnecessary. There is no reason why the rule of two or three years ago should not, if properly enforced, be just as effective in preventing the "roping in" of under-classmen. Let all exchange of rooms without the full knowledge and consent of the Treasurer be forbidden, under penalty of a heavy forfeit; let the Proctor or some equally capable officer be instructed to fix for any room whose occupant may express a desire to sell out, a fair *maximum* price; and let the officers see that this price is not exceeded. The law, as last announced, involves a great hardship, not only to those now in College, but to all who shall come after us; and cannot possibly benefit any one but the upholsterers and furniture dealers in Princeton and the neighboring cities. Its most immediate effect will be to cause to all who have bought rooms under the old rule, and all who have taken pains to make their rooms comfortable and attractive, a dead loss of the

money they have expended in this way. Then it will discourage many hereafter from adding, in this way, to Princeton's attraction as well as their own comfort. We don't mean to say that an extravagant expenditure on the fitting up of a College room is particularly to be encouraged. But we do say that men ought to be allowed—even encouraged—to make the interiors of their rooms correspond with such handsome exteriors as Wither-
spoon's, and make up for the homeliness of East and West; and that they should further be allowed to get back some fair return for the money expended. The plan we have presented above will permit of this, and will, if enforced, prevent any injustice. It is to be hoped that the Trustees will see the propriety of withdrawing their prohibition.

THE Instrumental and Glee Clubs have completed their selection of men, and are now ready for work. The former has an exceptionally large variety of instruments, and has every prospect of being successful. Both have based their decisions for admittance upon careful trial, and have evidently made judicious selections.

These clubs are in a sense the property of the College, and it is fitting that the College should receive pleasure and benefit from them. Would not an occasional concert in town during the winter be welcomed? One is to be given, we understand, in November, and there will be one next Commencement; but there is room for two or three between those dates. College students do not have too many chances of evening amusement during the Winter, and there are plenty that will seize the opportunity of hearing good music. The cost of house and lights is not great, and each concert ought to pay a fair profit.

We would suggest that for a College concert, especially for those not given at Commencement or on public occasions, there be fewer well-known *Carmina* songs and more glees and new choruses, and songs not of College renown. We have heard the "Bull-Dog" till we are tired of it; "Bingo" and "Long-Tail

Blue" have been sung to death on the campus; and we would not pay money to hear "Mary's Lamb," even when artistically rendered by the Glee Club. Those songs take very well in other cities; there they are the Glee Club's trump card; but we have heard them too often to be amused any more. If the lower classes have not, there is no need of adding to the surfeit they *will* get. The clubs are to be commended heartily for the fine selections of outside music they have made in the past; let us have more of it. It will profit singers as well as hearers.

We are not writing a tirade against College songs. We don't know what we should do without them. Singing is a feature of College life and should receive even more attention among Princeton students than it does. But the Glee Club conforms to a higher musical standard than that of campus and dormitory, and while by no means dispensing with College songs in Princeton concerts, it should not make them the only feature.

' Let us hope for occasional concerts during the Winter, and songs that have the merit of novelty or quality as well as that of popularity.

THE oft-discussed question of absences and spotting seems to present itself again at the beginning of the year. The evils connected with the present system are not small, and so long as they could be removed in a great degree by a few changes, it is our duty to urge improvement.

Whether or not attendance at lectures and chapel should be compulsory, it is not our province here to inquire. Doubtless, in the distant future, when the rising sons of Nassau shall have become graybeards, and the electric light, air navigation and an instantaneous express shall have become *faits accomplis*, we may expect a revolution in ideas of College discipline. Perhaps the students will better deserve freedom then; surveillance, now, is not entirely without its uses. But if this compulsory attendance is to be enforced, let it be with regularity, especially in chapel. A man should know certainly that if he stays away he is sure to be spotted every time. He should not be tempted to trust to

luck in occasional cuts. As it is, spotting is done on some days and omitted on others; or one part of the class is scrutinized and another passed over. One man cuts six times and doesn't get an absence; another is away twice and is marked each time. There is an injustice in all this.

But while we advocate regularity in marking, it is only on one condition. In fact we hope the Tutors will *not* spot every time so long as every unexcused absence counts. Justice should be tempered with mercy; exact marking should be accompanied with a certain allowance of absences. Let each man have so many chapel and recitation absences allowed per term; that number to be excused without question, and the rest to be strictly recorded, except of course in exceptional cases. Then he would have an incentive to regular attendance in an unwillingness to use up his allowance, while in the circumstances that sometimes arise, over-sleeping, engagements, etc., he will feel free to stay away without having to hand in excuses too trivial for Faculty inspection.

Let us have a full vote, a free ballot and a fair count.

IT was about this time last year that the Halls began to agitate a change in the manner of selecting judges for the preliminary Junior Orator and Lynde Debate contests. Committees were appointed, the matter was brought before the Faculty, and there, we understand, it still rests. The matter, in a nut-shell, is this: the Halls consider that the selection of their representatives is a matter which concerns themselves chiefly—the Faculty but very indirectly; and they ask that the selection of judges be left entirely in their own hands, with full liberty to choose from the whole body of their graduates. The reasons for this claim were presented forcibly enough last fall; we wish now merely to call the attention of the authorities to the fact that another preliminary contest is drawing near and no decision has yet been reached. Surely the request is reasonable enough. The wonder is that it has not long since been granted.

OLLA-PODRIDA.

DOINGS OF THE MONTH.

SEPTEMBER 25TH—Soph. proclamation comes out.....Evening—Republican procession.

SEPTEMBER 26TH—Rev. Dr. Cavin, Principal of Knox College, Toronto, preached in Chapel, and Rev. Dr. Rainey, Free Church College, Edinburgh, in First Church.

SEPTEMBER 27TH—Republican Convention. Haynes, '81, nominated for President, Day, '82, for Vice President, and Jackson, '81, for Governor.

SEPTEMBER 28TH—Democratic Convention. Wills, '81, nominated for President, Hemphill, '82, for Vice President, and Dunn, '81, for Governor.

SEPTEMBER 29TH—Evening—Democratic parade. Speeches by Messrs. Anderson, Slidell, Bayard Stockton, Dunn, '81, Wills, and Hillhouse.

OCTOBER 2D—Athletic Games at Stenton, under the auspices of the Young America Cricket Club, Germantown. Princeton entered for the following events:

1st. 220 yard dash. Morgan came in second.

2d. Standing Long Jump. Harriman, third.

3d. Tug of War. Princeton represented by Kirk, McCune, Howell, E. Peace, Riggs and Antrim, *vs.* Young America Cricket Club. The latter won by an error on the part of Princeton.

4th. Standing High Jump. Harriman tied his opponent and got second prize on the toss.

6th. Quarter Mile Run. Conover won first prize easily.

7th. Bicycle Race. Three entries in all. One dropped out. Field, from Princeton, lost the prize by a foul near the close of the race.

8th. Lawn Tennis. Conover, '83, and Beasley, '80, defeated the Young Americas two out of three innings.

OCTOBER 3D—Dr. McCosh preached before the Presbyterian Alliance in Philadelphia.

OCTOBER 4TH—Council visits Princeton.

OCTOBER 5TH—Foot-Ball Team chosen.

OCTOBER 6TH—Lawn Tennis Tournament opened.....Evening—The Repub's uniforms come. Result, grand masquerade-promenade drum concert on the Campus.

OCTOBER 7TH—Bully "Fresh Fire" round the cannon at 11 P. M. Fine exhibition of Fresh. cheek.

OCTOBER 9TH—The Sophomore Foot-Ball Team beats the Chester College boys by a score of 1 goal, 4 touchdowns, to 0.

OCTOBER 11TH—Practice game of foot-ball. '83 vs. University. Result, several goals and touchdowns to 0, in favor of the latter.

Foot-Ball Convention at Springfield, Mass., Oct. 13th, 1880. Messrs. Loney, '81, and Peace, '83, represented the College. Columbia was admitted to the Association. Important preliminaries to the Fall games were arranged. The teams are to be elevens; the quarter-back cannot run upon receiving the ball from a scrimmage, but must pass it; the game with Harvard will be played on Nov. 13th in New York, with Yale on Thanksgiving Day at the same place, and with Columbia at some time previous, and probably here or else in New York.

OCTOBER 13TH—Lecture in Chapel at 11 A. M. before the upper-classmen, by Prof. Calderwood, University of Edinburgh, on the relation of mental and physiological sciences. For logical clearness of statement and graceful, easy expression, the address was quite remarkable. The speaker held the closest attention of his audience for nearly an hour.....Base-ball directors elected; Haynes, '81, President, Welles, '82, Treasurer.....Evening—Lynde Debate. Judges—Hon. E. W. Scudder, LL.D., Hon. Richard Vaux, and Prof. Charles A. Aiken, D. D. Debaters—Affirmative—H. F. Greene, Md., M. Dunn, N. J., and J. W. Parkhill, Ill. Negative—J. McC. Galbreath, Pa., Rodney Janvier, India, and W. M. Paden, Pa. First prize awarded to Rodney Janvier; second, to H. F. Greene; third, to W. M. Paden.

'78, WINTERSTEEN, and '80, HEDGES, BLISS and "Smike" Johnson, at the Philadelphia Medical.

'79, SEELEY, in town recently.

'80, GEO. DUNNING, gone east.

'80, WIGGINS, in business, Philadelphia.

'80, BAKER, studying architecture in Philadelphia.

'80, JOHNS, on Philadelphia *Evening News*, a two-cent sheet.

'80, DAVIDSON, seen on the campus recently.

'80, BEASLEY, coming up to "pass" for his dip.

'80-'81, "S. T." BUTLER, made a flying visit.

'81, COWAN, returned to College.

'83, SÉGUIN, ditto.

HAMMOCK HATS are as plentiful as empty heads.

ROBERT L. STUART has presented the College and Seminary with \$100,000 each. The money will be used by the College for the purpose of completing the endowment of some professorships and founding others.

FOWLER, *Greenback* candidate (?) in College, is confident of securing the Fresh. vote.

THE TRUSTEES intend to put the Marquand Chapel on the vacant lot opposite Dickinson. The plan is a sensible one, inasmuch as the location is convenient and indeed the only one on the campus where so handsome a structure would show to full advantage.

"IF YOU WOULD be wealthy, get upon a mule. You will soon find that you are better off."—*Ex.*

PROF. K.—"Gentlemen, I am a Republican. What a gra-a-and spectacle to see fifty million peoples voting."

SCHIANCK'S NOTES ON CORKS, No. 3 Northeast.

WHAT FRESHMAN turned off the Witherspoon gas? Myers is looking for him.

PROF. Y. says She-Nan-E-Gag-Ging is nowhere to be found in Chinese Universities. Guess he's round here somewhere.

YALE CAN'T PARADE, and we can. Eh-he-he-he-he.

C. C. "COLVED"—capital catch.

A SENIOR received two letters from home, directed "Care Dr. McCosh." "*In loco parentis*" isn't a dead letter, after all.

THE COLLEGE PRESS doesn't seem to suit the gentleman from the sand lots. Suppose we start a paper more adapted to his taste. Anything to suit the gentleman.

JUNIOR—"Why is the human body a humbug?" Fresh. gives it up. "Because it's an aggregate of cells."—*Ex.*

PROF. S. (reading from Hallam)—"The justly obnoxious *Bonner* was sentenced to prison."

"SAWS FOR the season—

Little tutors have big ears.

Yale is paved with good intentions.

Never look a Greek horse in the mouth.

A crib in the hand is worth two in the sleeve.
Bootlegging maketh a ready man; drinking maketh a full man; grinding maketh an exact man."—*Ex.*

Hear those beastly, noisy Drums—

Cork the Drums!

What a howling hole of misery this peaceful place becomes.

How they rattle, rattle, rattle,

In the middle of the night,

All the heavens seem to rattle,

Like the din of closing battle

Of a Soph. and Freshman fight.

Keeping wake, wake, wake, sleepy devils, for the sake

Of the loud reverberation that so hideously comes

From the Drums, Drums, Drums, Drums,

Drums, Drums, Drums;

From the rapping and the tapping of the Drums.

THE UNIVERSITY FOOT-BALL TEAM is as follows, subject to change: Forwards—Bradford, '81; McDermont, '81; McKee, '81; Loney, '81; E. Peace, '83; Benton, '82. Half-backs—Withington, '80; Farr, '81; Morgan, '83. Backs—Cauldwell, '81; Harlan, '83.

QUERY—"Did 'Bonner' design the Republican uniforms?" And again "Why is Bonner always behind time?" "Why, because he comes from Chicago, of course."

'EIGHTY-FOUR MAN, *soliloquitur*—"I must go to Goldie, and get that Gym. absence off."

THE PRINTED NOTES for '81 are all remarkably correct. Those in English Lit. are a god-send, even to the rapid note-taker.

SCIENTIFIC SENIOR reciting in astronomy. Prof.—"Mr. C., what path does the sun describe in the sky?" "An eclipse, sir."

WE ARE MUCH GRATIFIED to know that a tennis club has been organized in College, with J. A. Webb, President; George Westervelt, Vice President; Wm. C. Osborne, Secretary and Treasurer, and Messrs. Harriman and McCarter, Directors. We thought lawn tennis at a pretty low ebb; but, lo! Webb has brought it up again.

The tournament under the auspices of the club was conducted in good style, and evinced a degree of skill that not only surpasses last year's playing but bids fair for success in contests outside the College. The entries were fourteen in number, drawn to play in the following sets: Messrs. Harriman and Withington, Conover and Morgan, Munn and Alexander, Osborne and Harrison, Toler and Westervelt, Webb and T. Clark, Shober and R. Clark.

The second and other sets, notably that between Munn and Conover, were extraordinary exhibitions. Toler remarked that they didn't give the ball time to breathe. The contests finally narrowed down to four, Conover, Munn, Webb and Shober. Conover, by masterly playing, won the first prize. The games for second prize remain to be played off.

"WHEN is the *Brie-à-Brae* coming out?"

THE U. H. CAFÉ is a welcome innovation, as well as the plank walk through the hotel yard.

MEMBERS OF THE INSTRUMENTAL CLUB: Simons (Leader) bass viol; Nassau, piano; Parker and Ernst, first violins; Chester and Spier, second violins; Webb, piccolo; Boak, flute; White, '83, clarinet; Young, violoncello; Elmendorf, cornet. Surely it's large enough. Now let's have some good music this winter; and often, too.

EIGHTY-ONE'S CHAPEL STAGE divisions, five in all, have been assigned. "Shall we have music and gowns?"

RABID SOUTHERN SENIOR to Northern ditto—"Now, can you conscientiously vote for Garfield?"

N. S.—No; I can't."

R. S. S. (triumphantly)—"I thought so. Why can't you?"

N. S.—"Because I'm not of age."

WHERE IS '81 going to plant the ivy? The answer is obvious.

FRESHMAN, (on seeing the F. B. team run):—"What are those fellows running for?"

Upper-Classman:—"To get up their wind."

Freshman:—"Why, how foolish! They *lose* their wind by running. Why don't they stand still?"

There was a young girl of "culchaw,"
Who thought her paternal a "bawh,"
To forbid her discussions
Of Turks and the Russians,
Porte, Powers, and Said, "Pa, pshaw."

A MEMBER of the Faculty was seen getting a postage-stamp on tick. Maybe we don't get big salaries.

REPUBLICAN PARADE, October 6th. Speaker on East Witherspoon balcony—"Why, fellow, suppose the Democratic party were drawn up in a long line, reaching across the continent, and the Republicans drawn up opposite them, what would we see?"

Voices—"A rush."

CAPT. McCUNE calls upon some of the "old reliables" to practice for the nine during the fall. That's the way to do. We'll have a good nine next year, see if we don't.

SENIOR BIBLE LECTURE—"A Bir-r-rd has *fins*; I have arms."

LAPSUS LINGUÆ of excited Lynde Debaters—"The Scriptures did use intoxicating drink." "I do not believe this appetite was naturally implanted; I am too *pious*."

DID YOU ever hear of "Sleepy" coal?

VISIT OF PRESBYTERIAN ALLIANCE TO PRINCETON, OCT. 4TH.—A large deputation, about two hundred, arrived at ten a. m. After viewing the Seminary, at twelve they filed to the First Church. The house was full. Dr. McCosh presided, and having spoken a few words of welcome, introduced the Rev. Dr. Mayne, of the Free Church of Scotland. His address was interesting, being, essentially, eulogistic of the College and her great men. Dr. Laing, Principal of the University of Glasgow, followed with thanks for the kind reception and congratulations. He astonished the "Whig Club" by claiming membership in that society, and then lapsed into general advice to the students. His remarks were at once manly and eloquent, and that he left a good impression was shown by prolonged applause. The Brahmin convert, Shashadri, then rose, and contrary to expectation spoke in perfect, fluent English. He alluded with much feeling to his days of dark unbelief, and appealed to Princeton, as a seat of learning, to send more light to the darkened minds of his people. He concluded with expressions of gratitude to the American brotherhood for their kind hospitality. Mr. George A. Stuart, an earnest worker of the laity, spoke in the same strain, which he strongly emphasized by the motto given, "Go or Send." An athletic exhibition in the Gym. by Mr. Goldie and others was the order of the afternoon. The visitors seemed no less pleased to see what Scotch muscle had done for Princeton than Scotch brains. They then viewed our campus and buildings, and departed with new or refreshed memories of the shades. One of the delegates, Dr. Mackintosh, a talented and manly pupil of our President, addressed the students in Murray Hall in the evening.

COLLEGE GOSSIP.

Amherst and Brown are still unable to discover who *deserved* the base-ball pennant. We do not think we could amuse our readers in any better way than by making some extracts from their papers. The *Brunonian* says, "Our Amherst friends frankly admit that they were willing [admit and willing are good,] to unworthily forfeit a game to Princeton which they *would have certainly won*, in order to gratify a spite against us. If Amherst had played that game in an honorable way, we should have tied with Princeton for first place, and *no doubt* should have beaten them if the tie had been played off." We were so taken back by the cool conceit of this last sentence that to be certain of what we were talking about we looked up the scores of our two games with Brown; we found that they had beaten us by a score of 4 to 2, on a recently ploughed field for a base-ball ground and with an umpire, with both of which they were very familiar, while we beat them 16 to 2 on a good ground and with an umpire against whom the Brown men had no complaint. That does

not look very much like a *decided* superiority for Brown. But the tit-bits of wit are yet to come. It is as funny as anything Josh Billings or Mark Twain ever wrote, and we are willing to run the risk of a trespass charge from our Exchange co-editor, and quote the following remarks from the *Amherst Student*; the italics and interspersed comments are our own.

"We went to Providence and after vainly attempting to beat the combined forces of the nine, the umpire and the crowd, retired *ingloriously defeated*!"—We would explain that against the same unpleasant triumvirate the Princeton nine retired to the tune of 2 to Brown's 4. "We were in a position which enabled us to rebuke [rebuke! whew!] such a mean spirit by *throwing* the championship into the hands of Princeton." N. B.—What a free-will-offering-and-grateful-reception sound that word "throw" has. It is very much like the ambiguous use of "ran" when a man, who is fleeing for his safety, says, "I ran my enemy." So we would suggest a change of construction: some such verb as "snatch" or "snake" or "take," with Princeton as its subject. "Of course it was a bitter pill for our Brown friends to swallow: but if it shall take effect in reducing the fever of excitement, to call it by a mild term, which so often leads Providence crowds to overstep the bounds of justice and courtesy, we shall have accomplished a *good work*." Our missionary friend concludes by telling us that it was not because they loved Princeton so much that they so unkindly and rudely took the championship from the Providence nine and awarded it to us, but that it was to punish naughty boy Brown. If little boy Browny will be a real good boy next Spring, Amherst promises that she will not stand in the way of his getting the prize. How self-sacrificing and disinterested!

Next, the Amherst Innocents Abroad turns its attention to Brother Warren and says: "The *Princetonian* gives a back-handed slap at the *Student* for claiming to have given Princeton the championship. Verily this is gratitude. We beat them *twice* (?) without much trouble, and had reasonable expectations of repeating the ceremony. A College sentiment friendly toward Princeton was the cause of the forfeiture as well as a desire to show Brown that boorishness sometimes meets with its just reward." Verily, we add, mercy and justice blend beautifully in the character of the College Good Samaritan.

But to continue the joke, the Amherst I. A., in an admonishing lecture to the *Brunonian*, thus recapitulates the facts: "It was inconvenient for us to play the game, both in point of time and expense." No! you don't say so, dear Innocents; you must be mistaken, you underrate your motives. You had plenty of time at your disposal, and you could have made loads of money, besides adding to the reputation of your College by beating Princeton again, but your stern Puritan sense of justice forced you to forego the pleasure and profit of a trip to Princeton. "The College base-ball season was ended and *some of our men had already gone*, [however, they could have easily beaten us with the rest,] while Princeton men had been wishing to disband for some time and were badly broken up by being compelled to hang together after

their College closed." That's news indeed! Who told you we were anxious to disband? Our bright and precocious contemporary doesn't seem to see that our men, expecting to play the game until the very day, and being compelled, as it was to be at Princeton on the grounds at the appointed time, were not accommodated in the least by Amherst's eleventh-hour forfeiture. "Under the circumstances we did not deem it our *duty* to take advantage of Princeton's misfortune [thanks] for the sake of aiding Brown, who certainly deserved no *indulgence* at our hands." Humph! little pope on wheels! "We also remind the Brown editor that *his* confidence is rather overweening;"—[whose confidence, we ask? Ans. Brown's confidence]—"as Princeton might have administered them a sound drubbing had they played." We would say that the *Innocents'* house was glass, if it wasn't brass, and its occupant a rhyming long-ears.

At Vassar, everything is going to the bad. We first read that the College girls-proper had been playing "Our Boys." That was depraved enough to suit our pious soul; but we were horrified to see that the immoral pantheistic practice had spread dangerously, and now the preps, the Vassar preps, have been giving theatricals in public! A Miss Blank took a small boy's part, carrying off the honors of the evening. The climax of the play was a fight between herself or rather himself, and *Dick*, over a molasses jug. We suggest that the LIT. board investigate this scandal, and, if they find any Mo'lasses clinging to the gentleman in question, to depose him.

But more startling news remains yet to be told. At Vassar ponies die for want of exercise and cribbing is rarely resorted to. With all sincerity, we would pay tribute to such honesty. We only wish it could be said of our men's Colleges, as the *Miscellany* says of Vassar, "here a girl who is known to resort to either of these aids to mental culture is under a pall." All honor to Vassar and women in general.

Our friends at Amherst are fortunate. "The Wednesday 'Rhetoricals' are no more, and now they have an unbroken afternoon for reading, writing and general enjoyment." We suppose, of course, they have Saturday afternoon, too. Verily, this is as it ought to be here. The millennium has dawned; at Amherst *examinations have been done away with!!!* If a student attends nine-tenths of the exercises of his class in a given department of study, and if the teacher, from such recitations and reviews as are held during each term, is satisfied with his attendance and attainments, the student shall be deemed qualified without further examination to proceed with the work of the next term. All others are compelled to undergo that relic of barbarism—examination. We have compiled this rule from the recently published regulations of the Faculty. Now for our part, we always thought it was an insult to a student to require him to stand an examination. His word ought to be taken for it, that he knows it all. Amherst, now, must be a hard College to get through; .9 in attendance is rather a high average to attain for the paltry reward of a dip., and we rather fear that most men will find it rather hard to make good enough daily recitations to pass.

The Amherst *Student* is emboldened by such unexpectedly granted liberties to be hoggish and ask for a discontinuance of the Sunday afternoon Chapel service. Do be reasonable, young man.

EXCHANGES.

"The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them." — *Macbeth, Act I., Sc. III.*

WE HAVE HAD for some time a feeling that criticisms, unless very highly spiced with wit, could not be particularly palatable to those who have never read the articles criticised. Now we believe that it is our duty, not so much to make this department lively for our exchanges, as to give it a real interest for our subscribers; and so, as "College Gossip" complains that we are "stealing his thunder" when we wander from our domain in the literary world to cull any bits of news that might be of interest, we have thought it best to give more prominence to selected extracts than has heretofore been customary in this department.

The *Hamilton Lit.* first calls for our notice, and we find that under the new board it is fully sustaining its old position among the best of our College periodicals. We would suggest, however, that a few light articles would very agreeably relieve its rather monotonous "soli . . ." We now turn to a paper, of a different type it is true, but which we regard as one of our very best exchanges. The *Harvard Advocate* has a manly tone that we like. The opening editorial in greeting to the Freshmen is in quite agreeable contrast to those of others on this subject. This is good: "We are to be congratulated that the 'good old days' are past when upper-classes ignored the existence of Freshmen, for the present relations between all undergraduates enable us to anticipate pleasantly the personal friends that each Freshman Class is sure to bring to each of us." To the *Advocate* we are also indebted for this pathetic episode:

THE AVENGING ROCKET-STICK—A TALE OF THE FOURTH.

The rockets whizz, the candles fizz,
The Chinese lanterns faintly shine;
While in a boat they gently float,
She thinks the celebration's fine.

In lengthened "Oh's" and murmured "Ah's,"
Her voice sounds sweet as fairy lute;
Her big blue eyes she opes, and cries,
"Oh, my! there goes a parachute!"

In golden streams the rocket gleams
Toward heaven, the while the lad sits mute;
But lost to gaze, he turns and says,
"Why, no; it's but a single shoot."

The rockets whizz, the candles fizz,
The maiden's tears fall fast and thick;
For why? The lad who punned so bad
Is spitted on the rocket-stick.

The *Harvard Echo*, alluding to the talk made in the various papers over the late flag "ragging" at Yale, well says: "We cannot help thinking, however, that so much fuss about so trivial an offence is as childish as anything can well be, and not clever enough to be of much assistance."

The best thing we have seen lately in the way of a motto the Racine *College Mercury* has placed at the head of that department which corresponds to the "Here and There" of *The Princetonian*. We give it:

"If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede you tent it;
A chiel's amang you takin' notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it."

The *College Mercury* (C. C. N. Y.) has come to life again, and so will enjoy the privilege of reading its own obituaries.

The following is the idea that a Columbia man seems to have of the miseries of those who are at Colleges where the students dwell in dormitories. Speaking of such an one, he says: "He must consent to live under a continual espionage that takes notice of his nights and days, his hours of recreation and his hours of study, his goings out and his comings in, his personal habits and his private actions. He must have a tutor quartered overhead to reprove him if he is out too late, to mark and remark him if he is noisy, to report him if he builds a bonfire or sings on Sunday or affronts the argus-eyed College police. * * * I know of instances where tutors have actually assumed control of men's pocket-money and doled it out to them in weekly allowances, with goody-goody warnings against extravagance!" After much more erudition of the same sort, he says, "Columbia men are too little aware of the privileges they enjoy in being freed from any such petty prying into their life and conduct." The grapes are very sour, we'll admit, but let no one be alarmed—it is only a case of colic.